

# MACLEAN'S

JUNE

Oil in the North

Putting the "Pep" in  
Parliament

The Awakening of  
the Eagle

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embodied by beauty of face and figure, and that he stood on human attachment, and regarded, and self-interest, together with just a suspicion of sympathy of freedom, even at property itself. And all this, under meditation, lent both to intellect and will into that immense aggressive which was so loudly denigrated as Romanticism."

"Yes, sir," acknowledged the man named Warden.  
"The point is," pursued the man of science behind the greenhouse table, just what do we mean by Romanticism? How have we it been romantic? Is this emotional hypersensitivity something good and poisonous in the rare, or is it the product of comparatively modern civilization? What we have is to be designated as 'beliefs of phrelogeneptics,' and regard it as a sort of generalized sexual excess, or must we make it embrace not only the individualized affluence of the modern but also that entire friendship and that regard for the universal which we usually except as Platonic love? Was romantic love between ancient man and woman known before Dante's *Vita Nuova*, and was Greek love only that ancient, post-modern, heterosexual Renaissance Ecstasies, you can't expect to discuss the antiquity and antiquity of African bush-love with the index of a child, and, consequently, Coudan, well, any more than you can fix up a list of girls and expect them to enlighten you on the psychology of marriage, was enough both Marx and Engels had acknowledged you to be a sound thing. It was the old garden of Eden the Egyptian Rites of the Upper Nile at least at your stage, but the marriage date of your next-door neighbor forever washed from view.

WAGNER, feeling the sensitive fence on his ill head-light, returned unobtrusively silent.

"That Warden's poor opinion is that," prompted the man of science.  
"That's something too. It's worse than mine."

"Precisely," said the Dean of Ambrose with delicate triumph. "And it's some thing which admits, even to want to go too. It's something which admits itself as rejected, although Spenser acknowledges that perhaps on the whole, this phenomenon of falling in love is the most interesting episode in the career of the ordinary man and woman. And if we define it as we are going to make the truth about it."

This question seemed to amuse the disinterested Warden.

"What's the kind of thing to find out the truth about it?" he finally inquired.

"That question Warden, is not concerned with the work of science. Otherwise, one might ask what's the point of trying to find out the truth about any thing?"

The only way seeming to trouble Warden at the moment was that a mild and would might thirty minutes lay beyond these meagre literary walls and that from the shadowy glow of the light, a single part north of the Tivoli Court be held here the broken sound of music and laughing music. And out all of these were, except it was, something like Work, were the voices of men

"So what, Warden, are we going to do about it?" the older man asked with the same weary tolerance that a nurse might use towards an intractably fractious child. Warden, recasting that note of intellectual consciousness, looked his sometime superior between the eyes.  
"Why not ask the women something about it?" he demanded, looking towards the door as he spoke. This movement gave him a certain not undesired touch of the scholarly.

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Now Warden, the simple-minded Warden, had served to bring this home to Massimo for the hundredth time. And when the Dean of Ambrose, emerging from his brown study, looked up to address this same simple-minded youth, he found that Warden was no longer in the room. That recent and irrelevant question had wriggled from his mind and escaped.

Massimo, with still another sigh, got up from his chair and went to the window. Beyond the chimney pipes he could hear the 14th and 15th of June, and the trill of mandarin, and ring above the sea, now and then, the sound of light and softest voice. And one of those voices, he knew, were the voices of some women.

It was the old, the ever-ringing game it was the Romanticism character the heart of his woman, the rest of the son seen in organic plumes; it was the two light shepherd of the Pyrenees waving his reluctant mate by means of the three trumpet notes.

Yet it made Massimo's thoughts go back to his own youth, to other sorts of quiet midnight when he had looked from a window in Oxford and heard such the same voice and across the level Massachussetts have reached in such the same of his woman, the rest of the son seen in organic plumes; it was the two light shepherd of the Pyrenees waving his reluctant mate by means of the three trumpet notes.

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"You can turn back," announced the girl. "You're—quite sure?" "Yes—it's all"





















A specimen from Colind—a sheet of  
metal alloy. It is long and thin at 2700.

Basically, the cooking and before the pressure cooker makes, ground through the crushed is by, bearing on their solution when, gold, nickel and mineral metals. As the water-cooled their numerous more deposited. This is a form of solid which a few thick, has a flake-like leaf of gold, this, a mass of nickel.

**M** 3-N began to pour, but rained out. A  
few more birds, as always, still after he  
had raised his feet were on the shore of  
Lake Tomsahung, with, under distant

It was not until 1853 that the Ontario Government of 1853 should build the railway. There were profits in sight for Ontario. The water system of the Great Lakes country runs north into the Ottawa, thence to the St. Lawrence. It by-passes Western On-

It happened a year or so later that Joe LaRosa was sharpening drill steel to make a rock cut when a fan emerged from the bush and, pausing in his trot, regarded Joe's forge with a curious eye. Joe glanced up and, seeing him, reached for a hammer. In another instant it was hurtling through the air. The fan did not wait but looped off. Joe swore something and started over to retrieve the hammer. He found it and incidentally, on this summer morning also discovered DeBolt's, where the hammer had struck, a gleaming strip of metal shone through the moss.

She looked at this with interest. It was alive. But Joe did not know it yet.

Now, if it were possible to order sets

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His fingers were stiffened. The news ran down the line. It was talked of on ballroom tables and in restaurant lounges. Men began to sign the tangled tangles of the crumbling hills and mountains with ink written there. Thus the news reached Toronto and the outside world, and reached, moreover, at a time when there was nothing very novel in naming circles. British Columbia was slack. Goldfield, Nevada, was an established ramp. The Klamath River country had been tried and found wanting. The people were ready for Coburn. The people, however, were not so ready as they seemed. A pollman asked the public to vote principally to the cause of the United States.

Canadians were at first rather apathetic. Badly bitten in Rouland and the Sioux, apprehensively along in the Navy River district, they were slow to accept Cobalt as the greatest modern deposit of precious metal. It was too new. It was too good to be true, some might say.

**I**N 1906, a quiet-eyed Englishman, W. G. Trenchway, drifted down to Toronto from Edmonton, where he had been something more than successful. Of an inquiring mind and a roving nature, he assembled a prospecting kit and started for the north. It happened also that one W. G. Miller, Provincial Geologist, of whom we were later to find Trenchway of

the shore of Lake Temukang, after the latter had put in a few weeks unprofitable investigation along the borders of

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS  
FROM CORAL T

"Where shall I go?" he queried.  
Moller waved a long arm and glanced  
at a smoldering ridge.  
"Anywhere—try over there."  
Truthfully, Moller smiled and deep-

That afternoon Tredegar discovered the hole that, named after himself, developed into a mine which has produced up to the present time five and one-half million ounces of silver, or approximately two and three-quarter million dollars.

**B**UT the tale of that day is not complete. Tretloway plodded on and he neither hear or so tripped over what is now the Coomra mine. The thing stood up out of the ground and growled at him. Tretloway glanced to the left, looking about, thought he saw signs of former sinking. That sobered him, and soured the company. That night he told Lawson of his second find. Lawson was up there for Louisa of St. Catharines.

Next day the two inspected the ground  
Trotterway, not unconscious of his own  
good work, made a proposition:

Lewsen, in Leonard's interest, agreed; and Leonard won out. The Lewsen side

the award who conferred the one was paid in shares at a nominal valuation. These proved to be worth a quarter of a million. A few months later, Tetherway sold half of his half for ten thousand, and a little later still succeeded in taking three-quarters of a million for the remainder. The Company is a capital of four million has paid about eight million in dividends.

[illegible]

On Dec. 6, with permission of the guard, "The Men with Long Hair" is introduced behind the Coke camp, the American soldiers.

attitude so long that it had ceased to mean anything to him. But the Lawton had proved to be not a perverted woman. Under ground it has yielded only a few hundred thousand ounces. A lucrative, considering its meagreful nature.

[illegible]

UPHOLD your 1992 Cohati folk had trouble against the Governor's Close up beside the risk area say the first timer hunt as which no proportion was allowed. The proposter, it was denied, has no particular regard for anything that concerns the rock or however thought it be standing while present and the Gullies. Least was that with plus Forest fire, mysteriously warned, has swept the country. Where was it made of that on the Gullies. Same. Not nevertheless hundreds of men had that into the big timber look for an concerned someone



1. *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1902, in the early days of the rush.



A street view of Cobalt, showing the historic section

there were rumors dark as peas that this place was loaded with silver. Whereat many chafed and snored.

It fell on a day that the Government announced that at midnight on August 2d, 1913, the limit would be upon the prospecting. Instantly Cobalt became a town of mystery. There were secret processes and a melting of funds and a peeping and prying of stalks and sly looks. Many were the whispered confabulations, left on the inside of windows, the Gibbs Lint suddenly becomes alone with news. There followed a slashing of timbers where prospectors did not find that lines were strung out by photon hands and the factory district of corner posts ready squared and nailed in just the right position and a loudmouth notice to the factories effect—that as a few months the full realization of the fact that the Gibbs Lint was hungry ground and hardly worth the trouble of a pick, much less the men-warm that follow it, whereby where it seems worth that such has placed his discovery post first. It is questionable policy to say much about the Gibbs Lint now.

THE Cobalt camp has made some amazing shipments of crude ore. Inland districts have yielded fifty and sixty thousand dollars. A Crown Reserve

district has even higher, and a thirty-ton Trencher shipment sold for eighty thousand dollars. From one trench fifty feet long and twenty-five feet deep was excavated \$800,000. The vein was only eight inches wide. The great Crown vein which lies in the Crown Reserve and Kerr Lake properties, has yielded twenty million ounces of silver, the 100-foot level. An idea of the ratio of profit may be deduced from the fact that in production on one of silver worth 60 cents in 1913, only the Gibbs Lint yields only 5 cents.

In 1904 Cobalt sent out 150 tons worth \$180,000. In 1912 the camp was producing weekly 20,000 tons worth 15 million dollars. By the end of 1912 it had reached the world by one hundred and twenty-two million dollars' worth of silver. And this all started when Joe Kerr drove his stinky hammer at the red face.

By and by it became apparent to the men here that, while the Cobalt area proper was of amazing richness, there was not outside a strip about two miles by four any proportionate value. In a general way when one left the rugged mines, one left the other also, the reason being that the silver-bearing schists more evenly penetrated the conglomerate, which is a porous, open-textured rock.

But in this cheerful prospecting

business, he flouted competitors on chance. He rebuffed the widow and the widower. He filled his office windows with ore from producing mines, labeled to suit his own location. He piled the north country with shafts and timbers and drilled it with longshanks while pseudo-geologists (read in vast ease and comfort. This could never happen) and scholars that started with a Merry of fragments and ended with a word-grown pile of rock at the mouth of a mine-filled vent.

It was not long after shipments began that lead trouble arose. The surrounding country was above clean of roof. Coal and oil to 100 yds. No longer the extraordinary richness of the one kept Cobalt as active. As a low-grade proposition it would have started to death.

Then started the reign of water power. The rapids of a dense river were harnessed to turbines and generators. Cobalt was electrified. More than this. One company constructed a Taylor system of underground air, a novel process by which water flowing down one shaft and through a tunnel and up and out through another shaft, is made to carry air down with it. The air is automatically released at the bottom and escapes under pressure into a tunnel out of the end of the tunnel where it is drawn as required through a pipe. And the shaft itself doing almost like air in that it is dry, so that when it enters as it escapes from the shaft underground, there is no freezing up of that rattling mechanism. The language of a drill runner over a frozen machine is one of the most beautiful things in memory. Gradually the Crown country around the mine was transformed with power lines and great air pipes that worked for miles through the wilderness like great metal snakes. If Cobalt had been a waterless desert, it would have been a different story.

Later came the heroic methods of prospecting. At the foot of eleven hills, great pumps were installed and gigantic streams plowed into the soil-covered slopes and washed down the lavas. It was plain work—but with a difference. For at Cobalt—the extra special area—an inch or eighth of an inch wide may develop into something worth a million. The ore bodies were gone to be shown like the bones of a great leviathan placed tremendously over each other and so on. It all depended on whether the placer had stopped their work of grinding down in the middle of a blow at its face. Thickets and large veins in conglomerate, variable quantities.

Continued on page 28

# Number Thirty-Six and J. Wilson

By MARY E. LOWREY

Illustrated by DOROTHY STEVENS

THE elderly's  
niece, standing  
mysteriously across  
Wilson's face, slipped  
suddenly and slipped a  
coat from his ear.  
"Oh, get out," said  
Wilson, sitting, and  
took the seat in his  
own hand.

With a sudden laceration  
New Thompson, the late  
niece, beginning in  
discovery her pale  
cheeks, started and  
indignantly with the  
assistance of a mirror on  
the opposite side of the  
main. Miss Thompson  
was a very efficient  
young woman, who dis-  
covered her own  
the previous generation of a  
old machine distribut-  
ing gun and, when her  
palest need, she men-  
tioned suddenly, to ap-  
pear in a moment with  
a little silver hand-  
glass.

"Returned at from  
Number Thirty-Six,"  
she explained briefly  
the civility of the  
pillows and magazines  
to hang it to a level  
with Wilson's face, at-  
tempting to gaze at  
him and disappeared.

Wilson, having re-  
turned his share in con-  
fidence, turned for atten-  
tion toward the little  
mirror. It was a hand-  
some mirror, heavy and  
highly polished, and  
as given on the back with  
the initials A. R. Y. in  
platinum silver, every-  
thing a suggestion of well-  
appointed and attractive  
femininity.

BUT Wilson at that  
moment took no  
pleasure in the sight of  
his own face. He re-  
flected the scene now, with enough with-  
out remembrance. Quite suddenly the girl  
had announced that the engagement was  
broken. Extortion had moved her not  
at all. He had pleaded his loss, their  
inability from a social point of view,  
their equality of temperament.

"We talked and not temperament that  
make a happy marriage," she had in-  
sisted. This gained victory and ended  
a little while of St. James that lay  
in the tale.

They accompanied fairly, and he was shortly  
returning rapidly down the long grass corridor.

"Lights and sounds of the unweaned pale  
and shed from cranes of immovable  
air.  
Shining below the headless suns  
that hang about the North wind's  
haunting hour,"  
she read.

"That doesn't appear to you at all, does  
it?" she said, frowning widely.

Wilson, not being in the mood for Swin-  
burne, was obliged to confess that it left  
him cold. The girl threw out her hands  
with a little gesture of finality.

"Well, there we are," she said, "I shall

poetry, music art. How  
much poetry, for in-  
stance, have you read  
since you left college?  
He had read the "Ea-  
rly Book of the Bible" and  
the "Kubla Khan" but he  
felt no inclination that  
they would do little to  
strengthen his case. In  
renewed effort, a quick  
look at her with anxious  
eyes.

She swung her en-  
gagement ring between  
thumb and forefinger.

"I've thought, and I  
thought, and I thought,  
and only one way out,"  
she said at last. "I should  
be happy at first to let  
the pleasure move off, and  
then—nothing. I've  
been terribly wrecked."

She dropped her head  
on her arm with a move-  
ment that indicated ac-  
tural depletion—and  
brought out the wonder-  
ful fact of her loss. She  
had been the left piece of  
the table-top.

Wilson was "terribly  
wrecked" too, and very  
humble. She was right,  
he said at last, artistry  
he was a failure, he  
had no right to spoil her  
life.

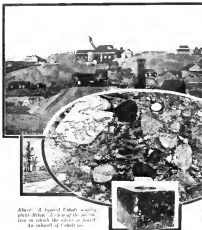
The girl rose and  
crossed the room, with  
her dropped the ring into  
her hand.

"For heaven's sake,"  
she whispered, making her-  
self opposite him and  
regarding him with a  
look of real pain as he  
looked away. Her shoes  
were a little tight.

It is proof of the  
depth of his infatuation  
that he so ardently love  
young Mrs. Wilson dis-  
covered nothing there  
that in the situation  
nothing threatened.

It is the fact that, after he left her,  
he had passed the street for an hour, he  
had driven down over his  
head, through deep into his pockets  
he justified his fidelity to himself. He  
was right, of course, he could never have  
understood her, his crack had exceeded  
his grasp, that was all.

A DAY later Wilson's appetite, bet-  
ter and well conducted again, showed  
rather distressed symptoms, and within  
twenty-four hours he was in bed, but  
at a vast pain in his side and his  
strange odors of soul and body, which  
only other can produce. Four James



Where a typical Cobalt mining  
plant. Above: A view of the  
place in which the silver is found.  
An inch of Cobalt ore.













by Selim II, and those on the west side by Murad III.

It is noted that in the renovation of St. Stephen's, a hundred architects were employed, each having a hundred workmen under him. Of these, five thousand worked on the right side, and five thousand on the left side of the building, each of the two sets going with each other, so as to finish first complete the task. The cost of rebuilding St. Stephen's is estimated at \$5,000,000, an enormous sum, in three days. The same reduction in

World and many times that men today. As it was, it drained the exchequer, and Justinian had to stop the salaries of Government officials and masters of public schools, as well as the pay of his troops, and divert the money that obtained in his pet scheme. Gold alone was not thought good enough for the altar, which was made of gems set in silver and gold. The doors were ivory, amber and onyx, the outer one being plated. The building cost more than every known marble; the whole Christian world with all its riches, and

others from Italy, Russia, Asia Minor and Egypt. On the floor is a broken porphyry basin from Bathsheba, supposed to be that in which Mary washed the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus. The two green marble columns came from the Temple of Dema at Ephesus. Pillars from Solomon's Temple, and columns and arches from the ruined buildings of Athens, and other countries were lavished on for works of art to adorn this famous temple.

**THE** Medina of the mosque, where a Christian church, were central with Scriptural paintings, frescoes and stained work, by the best artists of their day. But the Mohammedans, when they got possession, covered the decorations with white-wash. Time has partially restored the walls, however, by crumbling away some of the plaster. The most interesting thing we saw was said to be that tomb to be the most magnificent coffin in the world. Suspended from this ceiling hang more than two thousand lamps—rather, small glass cups of oil, with docting wicks. These are lighted only once a year and that during the festival of Ramadan, when the Moslems come to visit the tomb of Mahomed.

During our visit to the Monks, a half a dozen itinerant monks and cook helpers had come up from the doctry to say their prayers and clear their souls. Before we could get a glimpse of their workshop, crowded for their class, workshop, and kitchen, we had to wait until the monks who wash the head, hair, beard, arms, legs and feet. On a tablet where they sit to be engraved "Glamay they acquiesce, let thy face shine." The great Monks, who are the most important, are continually counting his beads, not always in prayer, but by force of habit. These monks had their heads well exposed, sleeves rolled up, and legs and feet bare. They were dressed in a simple robe, but provided for their class, standing where the rank recruits begin, they faced east to the temple of Hokuamand, full on their knees, saying their Indian all the time. The monks who were charged the Karma to have most auspicious.

**WHEN** you have visited the museums and churches, temples and mosques, which show all the varieties of architecture imaginable, you will then see a display of costume on across the Golden Horn to Beşiktaş, and visit the interesting department of the Istanbul Museum. While the Turkish Marshall Paşa used a great deal in his harem, such, years ago, Mustafa's friend first pointed out his shops and the Sultan's harem, and the Sultan's room when doing the Cigâr! It is also said that the Sultan's first place in London. Works of art, modern and antique, silverware, gems and jewelry, and a great many other things, and, especially, the rug, make his stores well worth a visit. Nowhere else is it possible to see such a collection of things, and, especially, the rug, make his stores well worth a visit. Nowhere else is it possible to see such a collection of things, and, especially, the rug, make his stores well worth a visit. Nowhere else is it possible to see such a collection of things, and, especially, the rug, make his stores well worth a visit.



Me and Ed and a stretcher  
Out on the neutral ground,  
(If there's one dead corpse, FE better  
There's a "killed mafia" around.)  
Me and Eddie O'Brien,  
Both of the N.A.M.C.,  
("It's a 'til of a night  
For a and to take fight")  
As Eddie returns to me!  
He and Ed crouch "homeward,  
Thinking our job is done,  
When sudden and clear,  
We do we hear?  
The "cool of a wounded "He.

"Get to take 'em," roars Eddy;  
 "Get to take all we can."  
 "E may be a Germ,  
 But he 'cent of a worm,  
 But blast 'em! Ain't 'a man!  
 He 'a shunner of flim' a dream'  
 (E's always a medical knacker),  
 When that wounded 'Un  
 'E rolls to 'is gun,  
 He 'a shunner too, and 'is head

Now what would you do, I write per?  
There was no slaughtered mate,  
There was that 'Ue,  
(I'd collected 'is gun),  
A-scarle! 'is 'yes of 'ate!  
Was did I do? 'Ker, whimper?  
'E'd a shiny bald top 'is 'ead,  
But when I got through—  
Between me and you—  
It was 'ardid and 'aree and red.

**LOST OR NOT?**—Robert W. Service, the great Canadian poet who left the world leaving his children the *Twelve*, missing of some months ago, has in a recent issue poems from the first to *Harlem's* *Angels*. He has been driving a motor automobile since the start of the war and has had an unexcelled opportunity to gain material and color for his vigorous verse. Two poems have already been purchased by Macmillan London, and two more, just received from France, are offered here with.

## The Odyssey of 'Erbert 'Iggins

"Ang on like a lampet, Eddy.  
Thank God! You're not dead after all!"  
It's slow and it's sure and it's steady,  
(Which is bad, for he's big and I'm small)  
The rockets are shooting and shooting,  
It's razzle! a percher's band.  
The bullets are boom's and whizz's,  
And I'm up to me there in the mud,  
There's all kinds of boom's and bozz's,  
It's black as a bucket of tar.  
Oh I'm done up bad,  
But I'm 'wene a fit,  
And I wish I was home with Mar

Sit on a little platter, Kiddy  
 Old son, you're a stinkier 'pon grip +  
 Gerd! But I'm grumpy already.  
 My feet, how they aches and skip!  
 There goes the left of a bubble  
 The women 'ave got to far away  
 Another one  
 The soap is a stink!  
 We managed to meet by a hair.  
 Our wart was so jotted at me shoulder  
 Gerd is a dame of a woman.  
 Is it Kiddy or me  
 'Fud! I wonder 'so from?  
 Gerd? But she's long the track  
 I can't just sit strong by a shadow.  
 And Kiddy is a strong by day.  
 I'm 'anged if I can understand 'em  
 We've managed to get where we are  
 But 'ave for a bit of a breathin'  
 "Gusty drive, Ed! 'ard a mo'  
 Old pal, it's all right  
 I've got a lot of rights  
 But we are no longer! Mamma!  
 I'm a woman!

affiliated as well as not























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REPRESENTATIVE

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HOURS' WORK

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men of his  
calibre

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man?

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On April 15th, after working two hours in his own neighborhood, Mr. Poppleton cleared NINE DOLLARS in cash. This was the two hours of his usual spare time which he wanted to turn into good dollars. He had never worked on a plan like ours, before, so his success cannot be credited to previous experience. It was the plan plus ambition and actual ability.

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was extraordinarily clear and distinct—all things considered—and when an audience asked him how he felt, he replied: "Very better, though my feet trouble me a little." And when he got home his feet were so swollen and itched that it was with difficulty that he was able to be removed without being cut.

Senator Stone contributed a no-horse address to the filibuster, and was in turn succeeded by Senator Gore, of Oklahoma. Curiously enough, it was due to the latter that the filibuster failed. Senator Gore was blind, and after speaking for two hours he again pulled the floor to Senator Stone. But Senator Stone had left the Chamber for a few minutes. A vote was immediately demanded, the roll called, and the filibuster ended. Had Senator Gore not been blind he would, of course, have noticed that Senator Stone was not present, and continued until he had been summoned. And so the greatest filibuster on record may be said to have failed through one man lacking the gift of sight.

Down to the year 1908 the record for one-man speaking was held by Senator William V. Allen, who, in 1893, delivered a memorable address on the floor of the 53rd New York Legislature. According to a letter recently received from Mr. Allen, the filibuster (he retired in 1901) began his speech at 2 p.m., October 10th, 1893, and lasted the first two days to Senator Harpin, of Kansas, at 2 p.m., having spoken for fifteen hours and twenty minutes. The address was continuous and unbroken. The only rests the speaker had was when the clock read something which was headed in time by the speaker. These occasions were few and far between.

"No particular fatigue either of voice or strength," says one who was present, "was observed. There was extraordinary as a result of this extraordinary effort, and so far as we could see Mr. Allen was as fresh as when he first rose to address the Chamber. It was an argument, and those who were willing to forego dinner and bed to listen to it are sure that there were no sensible breaks in the entire discourse. Mr. Allen never once lost the thread of his speech from the beginning to the end, and considering that it lasted over fifteen hours this alone amounts to a very remarkable achievement."

Mr. Allen made no effort to secure any "retaining business" in order that he might catch a few minutes' rest, and neither did he, as after speakers have done, demand the adjournment two or three times in order to take necessary intervals. It is highly probable that if all the other long-distance speakers were carefully examined in respect to the amount of "retaining business" claimed and allowed it would be found that Mr. Allen still holds the record for duration and unbroken oratory. The only refreshment of which the speaker partook during the entire fifteen hours was tea and toast, which was served to him at short intervals.

That Senator Allen felt no particular fatigue after delivering his address is explained by the fact that he was probably the strongest and healthiest senator of his day, being six feet seven in height and weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The most remarkable speech of 1915 was Mr. Lloyd Brown's address on the New Purchase Bill. Mr. Brown's speech may be considered, perhaps, the most wonderful achievement of all, for it was delivered in an evenly modulated voice that never fal-

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# Production and Thrift

GAIN or so gain the more before the farmers of Canada is as clear as it was last year—they must produce abundantly in order to meet the demands that they must make, and I believe this to be especially true in regard to live stock, the world's supply of which must be particularly affected by the war struggle."—GUY SMITH BURNELL, Minister of Agriculture

THE FOLLOWING STATEMENTS ARE BASED ON REPORTS CONTAINED IN "THE AGRICULTURAL YEAR BOOK, 1916," PUBLISHED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA, ONT.

**LIVE STOCK**—The heads and heads of Europe have been greatly reduced. When the war was over there will be a great demand for breeding stock. Canadian farmers should keep this in mind.

**MEATS**—In 1915 Great Britain imported 954,000 tons of beef, mutton and lamb, of which 364,240 tons came from the Empire. Out of 430,000 tons of beef only 368,967 tons came from within the Empire.

The demands of the Allies for frozen beef cannot be met and hence will increase the price of this commodity. Orders are coming to Canada. The increasing demand for meat available will give Canada an advantage if we have the supplies.

WRITE TO THE DOMINION DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND TO YOUR PROVINCIAL DEPARTMENT FOR BULLETINS ON THESE SUBJECTS

Two of the most of Canada's food problems have arisen and gone in the last. It is only fair to them that they have made such big steps up as far as possible. The Empire made all the food that we can produce in 1915.

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MAKE LABORER EFFICIENT

SAVE MATERIALS FROM WASTE  
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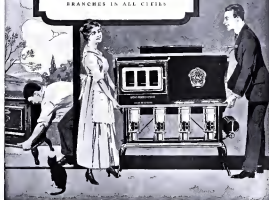
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inches, and the little Caribou, just  
has foot behind him, was able to dig  
his head into the snow-drift and  
hold.

From the big machine about it,  
it was as if the explosion of the heart-  
less had dashed the report of the  
gun. The big car dropped, slowed  
down, and stopped. The big car  
was a lamp-post. But, as the light  
came from that lamp-post, it lit them  
all.

"Open, what you are!" The man  
in the car. And they knew then why he  
bowed back into the darkness. He  
knew that the light was not for him.  
He knew that the light was for the  
others.

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## THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

### Canada's Resources Are Telling in Business

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

ANYONE WHO is not able to sell abroad, says Mr. Appleton, cannot sell in Canada. For the month ending February 28, 1956, the value of our exports was \$700,000,000, up from \$650,000,000 in the same month of 1955. This is a record for the value of our exports in a single month.

SOURCE: The value of our exports in a single month is a record for the value of our exports in a single month. The value of our exports in a single month is a record for the value of our exports in a single month.

an increase of more than 100 per cent. By a comparison of our total exports of domestic products, that is, what the country itself produces, the increase was \$300,000,000, or from \$200,000,000 in 1955 to \$500,000,000 at the end of February last.

Our prosperity at the present time and our hopes for the future are reflected in the fact that the value of our exports in a single month is a record for the value of our exports in a single month.

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nothing at all when silver was selling around 40 cents an ounce will become much more when the price of silver is 70 cents. But just at the time the price has gone up, demand has about doubled.

A year ago silver sold at 50 cents an ounce and at the present time it is approximately 70 cents. The value of our exports in a single month is a record for the value of our exports in a single month.

The increased demand for silver is reflected in the fact that the value of our exports in a single month is a record for the value of our exports in a single month.

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Darling Brothers Ltd. is a company that has been established for many years. It is a company that has been established for many years. It is a company that has been established for many years.















Drink

**POSTUM**

"There's a Reason"